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Profane the shrine, deep on thy shrinking
heart
Engrave this awful moral, and depart:—
That not the slanderer's shaft, the bigot's
hate,
The dungeon's gloom, or the keen stroke
of fate,
Can rob the good man of that peerless
prize,
Which not pale Mammon's countless trea-
sure buys:
The conscience clear, whence secret plea-
sures flow,
And friendship kindled 'mid the night of
woe,
Assiduous love that stays the parting
breath,
And honest fame triumphant over death.

For you, who o'er the sacred marble bend,
To weep the husband, brother, father,
friend,
And, mutely eloquent, in anguish raise,
Of keen regrets his monument of praise,
May faith, may friendship dry your stream-
ing eyes,
And virtue mingle comfort with your
sighs;
Till resignation, softly stealing on,
With pensive smile bid lingering grief be-
gone,
And tardy Time veil o'er with gradual
shade,
All but the tender tints you would not
wish to fade!

THE DRUM.

By J. Scott, of Amwell.

I HATE that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms,
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms,
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall in foreign
lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
Of burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widow's tears, and orphan's moans:
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

ODE TO THE POPPY.

By the late Mrs. O'Neil, of Shane's-Castle.

NOT for the promise of the labour'd
field,
Not for the good the yellow harvests yield,
I bend at Ceres' shrine;
For dull to humid eyes appear
The golden glories of the year;
Alas! a melancholy worship's mine!
I hail the goddess for her scarlet flower,
Thou brilliant weed
That dost so far exceed
The richest gift gay Flora can bestow;
Heedless I pass'd thee in life's morning
hour,
(Thou comforter of woe!)
'Till sorrow taught me to confess thy
pow'r.
In early days, when fancy cheats,
A various wreath I wove
Of laughing Spring's luxuriant sweets,
To deck ungrateful love;
The rose, or thorn, my numbers crown'd,
As Venus smil'd, or Venus frown'd,
But Love, and Joy, and all their train are
flown,
And I will sing of thee alone;
Unless perchance the attributes of grief,
The cypress bud, and willow leaf,
Their pale funereal foliage blend with
thine.

Hail, lovely blossom! thou can'st ease
The wretched victims of disease;
Can'st close those weary eyes in gentle
sleep,
Which never open but to weep;
For, oh! thy potent charm
Can agonizing pain disarm;
Expel imperious memory from her seat,
And bid the throbbing heart forget to beat.
Soul-soothing plant! that can'st such blea-
sings give,
By thee the mourner bears to live,
By thee the wretched die!
Oh! ever friendly to despair,
Might Sorrow's pallid votary dare,
Without a crime that remedy implore,
Which bids the spirit from its bondage fly,
I'd court thy palliative aid no more.
No more I'd sue that thou should'st spread
Thy spell around my aching head,
But would conjure thee to impart
Thy balsam for a broken heart;
And by thy soft Lethæan power,
(Inestimable flower!)
Burst these terrestrial bonds, and other re-
gions try.